BEFORE THE DAYBREAK. By F. W. Bourdillon. Before the daybreak shines a star That in the day's full glory fades; Too fiercely bright is the great light That her pale-gleaming lamp upbraids.

Before the daybreak sings a bird

Ah! great the honor is, to shine
A light wherein no traveller errs;
And rich the prize, to rank divine
Among the world's loud choristers. But I would be that paler star.

And I would be that loneller bird.

To shine with hope while hope's afar.

And sing of love when love's unheard.

OUT OF STEP.

A MARRIAGE.

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The minister stood, large and partly, with his black coat buttoned tightly about him. The kitchen ceiling seemed very low with him beneath it. He held his hat in his hand, glancing about him. He was conscious of feeling a great deal of curiosity, but he tried to conceal that emotion. The next room was not lighted; the one kero-

sene lamp was on the sink shelf in the kitchen. "No," said Mr. Pope, "I have never met Mr. Moore. I hope he is doing well."

"Oh, yes, I expect so," was the answer: "bu if I'd stuck to mustard plasters jest 's I'd begun-" Rebecca," interrupted Mr. Scudder, "I guess mebby tain't no time for mustard plasters now. Mebby you'd better interdooce Mr. Moore; then if the minister wants a little talk he c'n have it. Take this lamp right in 'n' I'll light another."

Conscious of baving her best black dress on for the occasion, Mrs. Scudder took the lamp and preceded the minister into the sitting-room.

Salome had risen and was standing near the chair where Moore sat.

Mr. Pope's eyes first rested on her face. She smiled and answered his "Good evening." For some reason Mr. Pope found it difficult to withdraw his Salome Gerry had always been more or less of a puzzle to him; he had never known definitely whether he approved of her or not. "Let me make you acquainted with Mr. Moore,

Mr. Pope," said Mrs. Scudder, in that exceedingly proper voice which some people use for introluctions. It always made her feel of some im portance to introduce two persons. She hastened out now as the two men shook hands. She went for the "centre lamp," an article with a large globe and some pieces of glass dangling round This always stood on the "centre table" in the middle of the parlor, which was at the other side of the house

Mrs. Scudder was sure that this lamp ought to be lighted when there was a wedding in the

"I'm lookin' for Miss Nunally every minute," she said, as she deposited the lamp on a stand.
"We wa'n't expectin' of Mr. Pope so soon. If Nely was to home I'd send her out after Miss Nunally. But I guess she won't be long."

Moore had shaken hands mechanically with the minister. He had responded to that gentleman's the Gerrys lived, the minister paused. He was told you there are one or two things I couldn't remarks, but he did not conceal his impatience. We will not wait," he said.

"What?' said Mrs. Scudder blankly. Her mind immediately went back to the time when she did not use mustard on that young man as she ought.

"We will not wait," repeated Moore sharply. He turned toward Salome, who had been standing near. He extended his hand. "Come," he said Salome took a step nearer and put her hand

in Moore's, which closed strongly over it.

yeu know; she ain't come, you know." derlying thought, however, was that a man generally knew what woman he wanted for his wife, and that he should rather let the man himself decide than any of the people who might happen to be near. Of course the Scudders had made a mistake; that was the extremely simple

explanation. his chair and stood upright. There was his old swerving.

Mrs. Scudder ruffled more and more. She said afterward that she "felt as if she was jest about crazy." She actually stepped between the minister and the two who stood in front of him.

"She ain't come yet!" she cried again. "Rebecca!" said Mr. Scudder from the doorway, where he had just appeared from the barn. Mrs. Scudder drew back. Her husband told her that it wa'n't none of their business; and gen'rally speakin' a feller knew who he meant to marry. He s'posed they hadn't understood it He could not help adding under his breath that he didn't believe the devil himself understood it. He advanced and seized his wife by the arm as if to keep her by force from interfering any further, and he held her so tightly that she

in a loud whisper to go out 'n' see if he couldn't find Miss Nunally. In reply, Dwight shook the woman slightly. He said he wasn't going out. Mr. Pope did not apparently notice this interview between husband and wife. He was silent

writhed in his grasp. She besought Dwight

for a moment, standing before the man and woman ere was no possible mistaking their meaning. Moore's attitude was erect and imperious. He was holding Salome firmly by the hand. She was not looking at him or at any one. She seemed to be gazing into space. There was an indefinable glory in her eyes which even Dwight Scudder perceived Afterward he confided to his daughter that somehow Salome Gerry's face that night made him shiver, and he didn't expect he should live long

Even when Mr. Pope began to speak, Mrs. Scudder made a final squirm in her husband's hold, and said in a half voice that she didn't think Miss Nunally 'd be gone more'n a minute 'n' they might just as well wait.

This time Mr. Scudder did not reply. His eyes were fixed on Salome. He heard her say in the lowest possible voice, but in one that was

hurry. The instant the very short ceremony was over he sat down in the large chair from which he had risen. He kept his hold of Salome's hand as if he feared that some one would try to de prive him of it. He did not in the least notice

Mr. Pope when that gentleman attempted some words of congratulation. Seeing this, Mr. Pope immediately desisted and

turned away, going back into the kitchen, followed by Mr. and Mrs. Scudder.

The nurse, who had also been a witness of the ceremony, joined the group in the kilchen. A somewhat significant silence was upon these

gone to the door, where he paused. His face showed perplexity and possibly misgiving. At last he said, looking at Mr. Scudder :

"It's all right, I suppose?" Mr. Seudder shook himself with considerable force before he replied in a violent whisper: "Of course it's all right. Why shouldn't it be We ain't goin' to dictate to a man, be we? I don't s'pose it's any of his business if we'd got another woman into our heads."

wish I'd stuck to that mustard. I .-- "

"Oh, shet up!" in uncontrollable excitement from Mr. Scudder. "Rebecca, you'd ought to use your common-sense if you've get any to use. Mr. Pope, I c'n drive you home 's well's not. Only my

Mr. Pope said he was much obliged, but he

entered. The group instantly drew back.

resented that gaze and stared haughtily back.

The unusual brilliance of the light in the next posed that Mrs. Scudder had thought best to iluminate with that sacred centre lamp on account And this must be the minister

Portia flushed as she glanced at Mr. Pope. The strange emotion that had come to her the nstant she opened the door increased until in a noment she felt choking; and she could not tell why. She did not show that she was choking, however. She stood with her head flung up.

Mrs. Seudder forgot to introduce Mr. Pope; and Mr. Pope could only gaze stupidly at this brilliant vision of a girl that had suddenly come in out of

Had she expected to be married to Moore to-night?

The minister hurried out of the room. was vaguely indignant that he had come here at But why should be not come? And what was the matter here? What had been the talk about waiting for Miss Nunally? That was Miss Nunally, he supposed, who had just come.

But the young man and Salome Gerry, who had just been married-they were old enough surely to know their own minds.

Mr. Pope, as he strode along the dark, solitary road, had some shadowy compunctions as to what he had done. He had lived long enough to learn that what his wife often told him about himself had some truth in it, that he was not always equal to emergencies. He could not be sure of

himself to act quickly and rightly at the same

And yet what should be have done? He had heard about the Sendders finding that young man, and taking him home. He had heard that Moore's betrothed had been sent for, and had Until within a week Mr. Pope had been away for his vacation. When he came back his wife had related the occurrences of the parish His wife was one of those who firmly believed that Salome Gerry had been "disappointed" and that the disappointment was consected with that young man who had been hurt. Now she was going to be happy. hurt? What if he had said he had had a little quarrel with some one and had come to blows, and

he had happened to get the worst of it? Mrs. Pope always wound up these private conversations on this tonic with her husband by saymg that she "couldn't help loving Salome, but that she didn't know about her, she couldn't quite make her out."

"But then," with a sigh, "it isn't necessary that I should make her out."

Mr. Pope wondered what his wife would say when he told her that he had just married Salome to that young man at Scudder's. And now the minister felt sure that the other young woman had expected to be married to-night.

Mr. Pope smiled somewhat grimly in the darkness. He thrashed his cane with unnecessary iolence against the bushes by the wayside.

When he came to a road which branched from the main highway and led toward the house where seized with a strong wish to talk with Mrs. Gerry. Did she know? He was sure she did not. In the five years during which Mr. Pope had been settled over this parish he had learned that Mrs. Gerry was one whose integrity was a port of all her life. He did not hesitate at the corner long.

'I will go and see her," he said aloud. At the Scudder home there was a curious abence of any melodrama when perhaps melodrama might have been expected.

Portia stood there in the kitchen for the briefest

Perhaps there are explanations, apologies Salome," turning to her, " are there apologies?" Before Salome could reply, Portia spoke again:

"Oh, no! no apologies between us, I am sure Only congratulations for you both; and good night, and good-bye. I shall catch the next train to Boston and be at the North Shore again

She turned away. She paased in the kitchen to speak to Mrs. Scudder with unusual affability That lady was now so completely bewildered that, as she afterward expressed it, she did not know whether her head was off her shoulders or on.

Portia met the gaze of the nurse with so calm a stare that the nurse's evelids drooped and she flushed with anger.

not to think that they had all been mistaken, and that this was not, after all, the woman who had expected to marry Mr. Moore to-night. "Well," said the nurse with a long breath as

Portia left the room. Mrs. Scudder's eyes were protruding in what seemed to be a physically painful manner. What she said was that she never expected to see

straight again. The nurse sat down. She hardly knew what to do. Her one dominant emotion was admiration for Miss Nunally.

Refore any one had spoken the door through which Portia had left the room was opened again and she appeared. She looked across the hurse to Mrs. Scudder. She asked if Mr.

Scudder would take her to the station. The woman thus addressed put her hands to her

head helplessly as she answered;
"I d'know. Where is Dwight?" It transpired that Dwight had gone to the bars to see, as he explained afterward, if he could find his wits So Portia went to the barn in search of him. Salome saw her go. She glanced down at

Moore, whose head was thrown back against "I must speak to her," she said, hurriedly. "Yes," was the answer, "but it's all right.

Nothing is of any consequence since-- " Moore paused at this word, looking up at his companion. In a moment Salome had left the house and was hurrying across the yard toward the barn which loomed blackly in the dim light.

The wide door in front was rolled back, as

Dwight," said his wife with severity, "it it had carried her off her feet, metaphorically was another woman. I ain't a fool. I jest do speaking, and in her present mood she felt that

did not say that he was in a burry to go. As he | feel like repenting. But there was not the put his hand on the door latch the door was slightest use in life if it must be given up to pushed in from the outside, and Miss Numally that kind of thing. Nevertheless Salome knew that there was a swordthrust in her soul as Portia was conscious with a peculiar keenness | she stood there. She believed that she had a of the gaze which the nurse fixed upon her. She right to marry Moore, since they loved each other: still --

Salome's hands unconsciously shut tightly a room was noticeable. She remarked it, but sup- they hung down by her side. She was aware of an indescribable suffering at which she rebelled. Since the man she loved, and who loved of the marriage ceremony about to take place. her, was now her husband, surely she ought not to suffer in this way.

"Portia," she said, after having waited a little, hoping that Portia would speak, "Yes," was the reply.

"I came out here to speak to you," said Salame.

Yes," said Portia again. Salome felt he lips stiffen. But she persevered in her attempt "I wanted to tell you-I wanted to explain-I

wanted you to understand-" Here there came a long pause, during which the crickets in the newly gathered hay in the pierced the air with their combined

shrillness "It was so sudden," said Salome weakly. No response; not even the monosyllable. "I wish I could make you understand," began

Salome again The other girl remained silent. "It was not planned at all," hastily went on "It-it just happened; and oh, Portia, Salome.

I love him so!" Portin turned quickly. She seemed about to speak; but she only laughed instead. "I mean that my whole life shall be given

"I mean that my whole life shall be given to him: I mean that my whole life shall be given to him: I mean that he shall be happy."

Salome's voice thrilled upon the words. The words seemed poor and cheap to her. She was confident that no one in the world had ever loved as she loved.

Miss Nunally faced round now fully toward her companion.

"You have begun well," she said.

"What?"

Salome, like all sensitive natures, was half afraid of omens and of anything which she did not understand. Why did she at this moment recall with a shudder how the crows had flown above her and Moore on the Florida coast? But those days were gone. Everything was different now. Now she was going to be happy.

"Salome, said Portia, still feeling strongly that yagne wonder as to why she did not hate the woman before her, "I must tell you one thing woman before her, "I must tell you one thing to have been anything appropriate to say, paragon anythi

wague wender as to why she did not hate the woman before her, "I must tell you one thing which you do not seem to know. It's the rock ahead of you."

Salome clasped her hands. She was so much under the control of emotion that she was half afraid of herself. She was dimly aware that it was a good thing to have a grip somewhere, a grip that never yielded. Her mother had that, "There's a great difference between Mr. Moore and you," said Portia, with a kind of grimness.

More's, which closed strengly over it.

More's, we had to say, but it was end it all one bring her way on the two other occupints of the room.

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She hesitated an instant. She wanted to take Salome in her arms, notwithstanding all that she had done; but she despised herself for that wish. Then she drew the girl close and kissed her warmly.

"I shall try to make him happy," said Salome carnestly.

"Trying to do that never does any good. If he keeps on loving you he'll be happy; but if he is one of the kind that gets tird he won't be hany and it he really takes it in that you're not honorable—but there's no use in talking, and you would pray that Salome may—thay do right."

Florence Darrah will say to me now. It does seem really impossible with the best intentions for me to marry.

Portia made her final remerks in the most.

That we have decided that matter for him by saying, in a hesitating manner, that she supposed it was of no use to try to do anything about it now; and it was of no use, any way, for Salome ware of anything about her.

The minister was turning away when his companion said, "Mr Pope, I wish you would pray for us—oray for Salome."

Mrs. Gerry pansed before she added, "I wish you would pray that Salome may—may do right."

"I will; I will," was the answer in an unstend you would pray that Salome may—may do right."

"I will; I will," was the answer in an unstend you would pray that Salome may—may do right."

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"I will; I will, was the answer in an unstend you would pray that Salome."

"The fare that immediately confron "Trying to do that never does any good. If he keeps on loving you he'll be happy; but if he is one of the kind that gets tired he won't be happy. And if he really takes it in that you're not honorable—but there's no use in talking, and you can't explain love. I wonder what my want Florence Darrah will say to me now. It does seem really impossible with the best intentions for me to marry."

Portia made her final remarks in the most

The wide door in front was rolled back, as also the door in the rear, so that a line of clear het be been deed to be a set to

like to think of any unsympathetic person telling Mrs. Gerry what had happened. He looked His knock was promptly answered. He looked with something like furtiveness at the woman who conducted him to the little sitting-room. She was pale and calm. But he had seen her glance anxiously out behind him toward the road as if she were expecting some one.

"Did you meet Salome anywhere?" she asked. "She is such a hand to be out of doors that she takes long walks—longer than she ought, I'm afraid."

takes long walks-longer than arraid."

The two sat down. Mr. Pope asked if Salome was well now.

"Oh, yes: don't you think she looks so?" with some arxiety. "Have you seen her lately?"

Mr. Pope paused so long before he replied that Mrs. Gerry's free grew quite rigid. She sat quietly, however, and waited. She had suspected something as soon as she saw the

minister.

"Have you seen her lately?" she asked again.
"I hope," in a low voice, "that if you have anything to tell about her you will tell it quickly, Mr. Pope."

The man's heart leaped in involuntary admiration as his eyes met Mrs. Gerry's glance. He reached forward and held out his hand. The hand put in his was cold and steady. He grasped it tightly.

"It's not so yery had," he said hurriedly, "only

it tightly.

"It's not so very bad," he said hurriedly, "only I think it must be unexpected to you. I hope it's all right. Eve just married her to that young man at Scudders, Mrs. Gerry—!"as his companion rose quickly.

Mrs. Gerry stood an instant in that notionless attitude which sometimes is so expressive. She had controlled the impulse to exclaim. Now she said:

If you'll excuse me, Mr. Pope, I think I "If you'll excuse me, sit."
will go to her."
The man had risen when she had risen. He saw that Mrs. Gerry could not talk. He did not know but that she would wish to be alone, but he felt as if he could not let her go by herself. He still kept hold of her hand, as if by that means he could somehow comfort and strengthen her. And yet she seemed far stronger

was a good thing to have a grip somewhere, a grip that never yielded. Her mother had that, "There's a great difference between Mr. Moore and you," said Portia, with a kind of grimness. "It rather relieves me to tell you that he is honorable, and you are dishonorable. When he finds that you are dishonorable.—"

"Oh, stop! stop!"

Salome's cry was uttered in a low voice, but it was very sharp.

"The truth won't hurt you," continued Portia, calmly. "It does me a lot of good to tell you there are one or two things I couldn't do. Even if Mr. Moore wanted to break with me he would never do it in this way. He would have a manilaces about it. He would not be mean. He would not leave me to come into the house, as I did to-night, expecting to marry him."

Here the speaker made a gesture which was more full of meaning than her words.

"Let us have it out," she said, speaking faster and faster, as she went on. "I shall die if I don't have it out," she said, speaking faster and faster, as she went on. "I shall die if I don't have it out. Mr. Moore isn't quite himself you knew that. And yet you yielded, for very likely he asked you te marry him now. He will be himself after awhile. The doctors say so then your punishment will begin. I don't care anything about your being punished. It's the added thing in the world as well as you could," said the match they will be so, he was thing in the world base well as you could," said the mother place. "Yen did as well as you could," said the mother place is mothing in the world sale when you will have no glowing impulses; that they were given that they might still continue him and individuality.

Mr. Pope had drawn Mrs. Gerry's hand through his comes over in with a wful force that perhaps I did not bring her up right." She breathed heavily, but she would not said the content of the place of the

was the father, which are you, any way? You're enough to be wilder the clearest mind in the world. Now, I'm going. You must make Mr. Sculder come after me with his herse and carriage. I shall start to walk. I can't go into that house again. Salome food-by."

I can't go into that house again. Salome started ferward and grasped Portia's hands.

Do you truly mean that when he finds out how wicked I am I cannot make him happy? Do you mean that?" she naked breathlessly.

"Yes, that is what I meant," was the answer:
"Yes, that is what I meant," was the answer:
"hut prhape I am wrong. You do wicked things, and yet you yourself don't seem wicked things, and yet you yourself don't seem wicked the finds, and yet you yourself don't seem wicked the fines, and yet you yourself don't seem wicked the fines, and yet you yourself don't seem wicked things, and yet you gourself don't seem wicked things, and yet you yourself don't seem wicked things, and yet you gourself don't seem wicked things, and yet you yourself don't seem wicked the world with you would kiss me before you go. Of contract the proposed that the proposed t

seem really impossible with the best intentions for me to marry.

Portia made her final remarks in the most expical of tones. Having made them she has ened down the yard toward the road, and the darkness eaveloped her.

It was several moments before Salome felt that she was outwardly sufficiently calm to roturn to the house. She was conscious of a dread of meeting Mrs. Sendder and the nurse. But this dread was something outte superficial, for it pushed off as soon as she entered.

Mrs. Sendder was glad of anything to do, and she began cancely upon the task of cetting her husband to harness and follow Miss Nanslly.

Mr. Sendder grouned and said that he had done nothing all day but harness and mharness. He said that it was diabolical that the Nanally woman should insist upon going before morning. her in.

She confided to Mrs. Gerry her fear "that she shouldn't never know nothin' agin," and also expressed a doubt as to whether she ever had known anything.

These words, coming from a large woman, dressed in her best black gown, with a wide cotton lace collar painfully arranged about her neck, were very impressive.

But Mrs. Gerry hardly heard them and made no attempt to reply. What she said, in the most matter of fact way, was that she thought, under the circumstances, that Mr. Moore might better come over to her house; she was quite sure that she and Salome could take care of him. She added that he would soon be we'll now, and could then make what arrangements he pleased for himself and Salome.

These words were spoken so calmly that Mrs. Sendder almost believed that she should come out of her fluster before they knew about it. Still, there was a little resentment in her tone as she

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AT THE LOCAL THEATRES ATTRACTIONS FOR PLAYGOERS THIS WEEK

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NEWCOMERS AND OLD PRIENDS. Francis Wilson and his company will give "Erminie" at the Broadway Theatre on Tuesday night. Much that is new will be introduced in the production. Several new numbers have been added to the score by A. De Novellis, Francis Wilson will be Cadeaux, Miss Amanda Fabris, formerly of Carl Rosa's company in London, will be Erminie, Miss Jennie Weathersby will appear as the Princess, William Broderick will play the part of Ravennes. The opera will given until December.

"Liberty Hall" enters upon the third month of its run to-morrow evening at the Empire Theatre, where large audiences have witnessed the evening and matinee performances to such an extent that extra matinees are now given Wednesday after-noons. "Liberty Hall" will continue at the Empire until the latter part of October, when the regular stock season begins. The first play to be given by the stock company will be "The Younger Son," by

Charles Frohman's comedians in "The Other Man" enter upon the last week of their present en-

at this theatre next week.

The musical farce-comedy, "The Golden Wedding," will have its first production at the Bijou Theatre to-morrow night. It is described as a

and three scenes. "Lady Windermere's Fan" will be played at the Harlem Opera House for one week beginning tomorrow evening. The company engaged by Charles Frohman this season includes besides Miss Virginia Harned, formerly E. H. Sothern's leading woman, several of the players who were in the original cast of the piece in its run last winter at

"The Prodigal Daughter" at the American The atre will celebrate its 15cth performance on Tues-day evening, October 17. Souvenirs will be given.

Frederick Warde and Louis James at the Sta-Theatre will this week present "Virginius" at all



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LARGE HALL & DINING-ROOM PLACQUES,

performances save on Thursday and Friday nights, when "Julius Caesar" and "Othello" will be re-peated. Mr. Warde will take the title role, Mr. James will be Applus Claudius and Miss Fannie

The performance of "The Rainmaker of Syria," as now given, is brighter than it was on the first

Bowman will be Virginia.

night. The action has been quickened, and the cli-maxes are arrived at without laborious effort. Miss Bertha Ricci has recovered from the effects of the cold which marred her work on the opening night, and her performance of Hatshepu is well done. Rudolph Aronson has composed a new number, which has been added to the first act. It is a march song sung by Miss Ricci and the company.

The fifth week of Mr. Sothern in "Sheridan; or, The Maid of Bath," at the Lyceum Theatre shows

no abatement in the large attendance. The cos-tumes, characters and humor of the days of Richard Brinsley Sheridan and the occurrences before and after the production of "The Rivals" are reproduced well in Mr. Potter's play. At the Columbus Theatre this week Tony Pastor and his company will be the attractions. Many old

favorites and many new ones will be in the com-"Grosstadtluft" will be given this week at the Irving Place Theatre, with a matince on Saturday next, after which the drama "Helmath" ("The Hearth"), by Hermann Sudermann, author of "Die Ehre," will be produced. "Heimath" will be pre-

This is the last week of "Dan's Tribulations" at Harrigan's Theatre. Next week Mr. Harrigan's new play "The Woolien Stocking" will be given for the first time. It is a local play in three acts. Primrose and West, with their company of min-strels, will make their annual appearance at the Grand Opera House to-morrow evening. They have

sented for the first time in America.

ever before, having engaged the best talent they could get together. The English Military Tournament enters upon its made in the programme to-morrow and several new features will be introduced, among them "lemon cutting," which will give the swordsmen an oppor

put together this season a company far better than

tunity to exhibit their skill. The success of the three Jonghmans sisters at the Imperial Music Hall in the last week was marked, The programme will be almost new this week, being supplied by Gus Hill's World of Novelties, These include Miss Estelle Wellington, chanteuse eccentrique; McAvoy and May, Ford and Lewis, the original "Bowery Boys;" Edward Earle, equillibrist; Golden and Quigg, the big and little casino; Mursical eccentriques; Fred Leslie's leaping dogs and club swinging by Gus Hill himself.

At Koster & Bial's Miss Harriet Vernon, who has been suffering from an attack of bronchitis in the last week and has recovered, to-morrow evening will introduce two new characters to her list of clever impersonations, those of "Don Giovanni" and "Sappho," Mile, Edmee Lescot, chanteuse cosmopolite, will also present two new characters, the Spanish Dancing Girl and imitations of Paulus,

mopolite, will also present two new characters, the Spanish Dancing Girl and imitations of Paulus. The rest of the programme will include the first appearance of Mile. Alvira, the Powers family, bicyclists; the three Judges, acrobats; Mile. Anna, with the trained pug dogs.

At Broadway and Thirty-eight-st, the crystal maze continues to mystify large crowds daily. It will run throughout the winer.

The coming engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal at the Star Theatre, begins on Monday, October 9, in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." In this play Mrs. Kendal plays a character different from anything she has ever before attempted, that of a woman with a history.

John Drew's second starring season in "The Masked Ball" has been so successful that it has been decided to defer the production of any new play until Mr. Drew returns to this city in February.

Richard Mansfield will appear one week from tomorrow night as Beau Brummell at Herrmann's Theatre. His third week will open with a production of "Merchant of Venice," in which he will appear for the first time as Shylock.

A brief season of opera by Heinrich's Opera Company will be given at the Garden Theatre on Monday evening, October 9, Included among the principal artists of the company are Mrs. Schma Koert-Kronold, Mrs. Louise Natalle, Mrs. Clara Poole, Miss Katherine Fleming, Miss Charlotte Macconda, A. L. Guille, formerly with Mme. Patti. Payne Clarke, Signor Mangeonl, Signor G. Campanari, Signor Maraschalchi, Perry Averill, Richard Karl, W. H. Clarke and Alphonse Fuguet.

John M. Hickey will take on the road this season Will R. Wilson's melodrama "The Police Inspector," opening at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, On October 23.

To-morrow evening Stuart Robson begins his annual engagement in Philadelphia, where he is to present his revival of the "Comedy of Errors" for a run of two weeks, Mr. Robson is to play an engagement at Abbey's new theatre in the early spring.

spring.

It has been announced that Alexander Salvini will play an engagement at one of the Broadway theatres in November in "Hamlet" and "The Fool's Revenge."
The Power of the Press," Pitou and Jessup local melodrama, will be presented at the Harlet Opera House a week from to-morow, with a goo cast and all its realistic scenic and mechanical electric states.

cast and all its realistic scenic and mechanical effects.

This week Mile. Rhea is to present her production of "The Queen of Sheba" in Syracuse.

"Across the Potomac." Pitou and Alfriend's war play, will be seen at the People's Theatre a week from to-morrow. Miss Fannie Gillette will then make her first appearance in this city as Madge Hanford, the rebel spy.

Miss Josephine Plows-Day has been engaged by T. Henry French for one of the principal parts in the new play "The Voyage of Suzette."

"The Honeymooners," the new opera in which Miss Pauline Hall will sing, will be given for the first time at the Columbia Theatre in Boston on October 23.

Miss Fay Templeton will return to the stage in comic opera at the Park Theatre, in Brooklyn, next week in "Madame Fayart."

The company in "The Nominee," with Robert Hilliard and Paul Arthur as stars, will open at the Haymarket Theatre, Chicago, this week.

A good story is told of one of Princess Christian's children, During some tableaux-vivants at Windsor the child, who was very much bored, said to Her Majesty, "Oh, grandma, I'm tired of this! What are they doing it for?" "To amus me, my dear," replied the Queen. The royal youngster gazed at Her Majesty for a moment, and then inquired gravely, "But when are you going to amuse us?"